

The Miner.

By-and-By.

There's a little mischief-maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dream land
That are never seen in this—
Dashing from the tips the pleasures
Of the present while we sigh;
You may know that mischief-maker,
For his name is By-and-By.

He is sitting by your hearthstone
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow
As the social hours advance;
Lolling 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, By-and-By.

You may know him by his winning,
By his careless, sportive air;
By his sly, obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere;
By the trophies that he gathers
Where his somber victims lie;
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conceiver, By-and-By.

When the calls of duty hound us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a painted sky,
For a cunning little artist
Is this fairy, By-and-By.

By-and-By, the wind is sighing,
By-and-By, the heart is replying;
But the phantom just above it
Ere we grasp it ever flies.
Lies not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie—
Oh, do not believe or trust in
That deceiver, By-and-By.

Cousin Sally Dillard.

[BY H. H. JONES.]

It has been many years since Cousin Sally Dillard went the rounds of the papers, and our younger readers may not have had the pleasure of her acquaintance, therefore we introduce her again:

SCENE—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis arises and thus addresses the court: "May it please your worship, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune, good or bad I will not say, to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to present so direful, marked, and malicious an assault. A more direful, willful, dangerous battery, and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace it has seldom been your duty to pass upon, one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as that which took place at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined, and depose: One said that he had heard the noise and did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but did not know who struck first, and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops—I am very sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all of the circumstances of the case, and able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So, forward came the witness, a fat, chubby looking man, "a little corned" and took his corporal oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Exactly—giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat—Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatism in the hip, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard my wife she moun't go. Cousin Sally Dillard then asked me if Mose he moun't go, I told Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard Mose he moun't go.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole? Do say what you know about the riot!

Witness—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about Cousin Sally Dillard and your wife—tell us about the riot at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well sir, go on.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go.

Chops—There it is again. Witness, witness please to stop.

Witness—Well sir, what do you want? Chops—We want to know about the riot, and you must proceed in this important story. Do you know anything about the matter before the Court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, go on and tell it—and nothing else.

Witness—Well, then, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

Chops—This is most intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for contempt. He seems to be trifling with this court.

Court—Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail, so begin and tell what you know about the riot at Capt. Rice's.

Witness [alarmed]—Well, gentlemen, Capt. Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court [after deliberating]—Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling the witness to go on his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told Cousin Sally that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatism in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it

was she, Cousin Sally Dillard I told my wife she moun't go. Well, Cousin Sally Dillard she axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he moun't go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife and Cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was a telling you, but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, Cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like gentle folks, they walked the log, but my wife, like a dratted fool, tucked up her clothes and waded right through—cothed a cold, and has had the rheumatiz ever since—and that's all I know about the fight.

BACKWARD, PIN BACKWARD.—Backward, pin backward my skirts in their flight; make me small again, just for to-night; I am so weary, and my skirts are so long, sweeping the pavements as I walk along, gathering dirt from out of the street, looked at by every one that I meet; mother, dear mother, I know I'm a fright, pin back my skirts, mother, pin 'em back tight.

Mother, dear mother, the days are so warm, and I'm tired of this dress I have on; it is so clumsy and don't fit me right, pin it back, mother, pin it back tight; now I'm ready, don't I look sweet? smiling on all I happen to meet. I'm in the fashion, so that is all right, pin back my skirts, mother, pin 'em back tight.

Mother, dear mother, I know it's a sin, to wear dresses that show off one's limbs, but what is a poor girl going to do, if the world wears 'em too, it is only those who are thin that are afraid to show off a form that is not well made; you may laugh, but you know that I'm right; pin back my skirts mother, pin 'em back tight.

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